

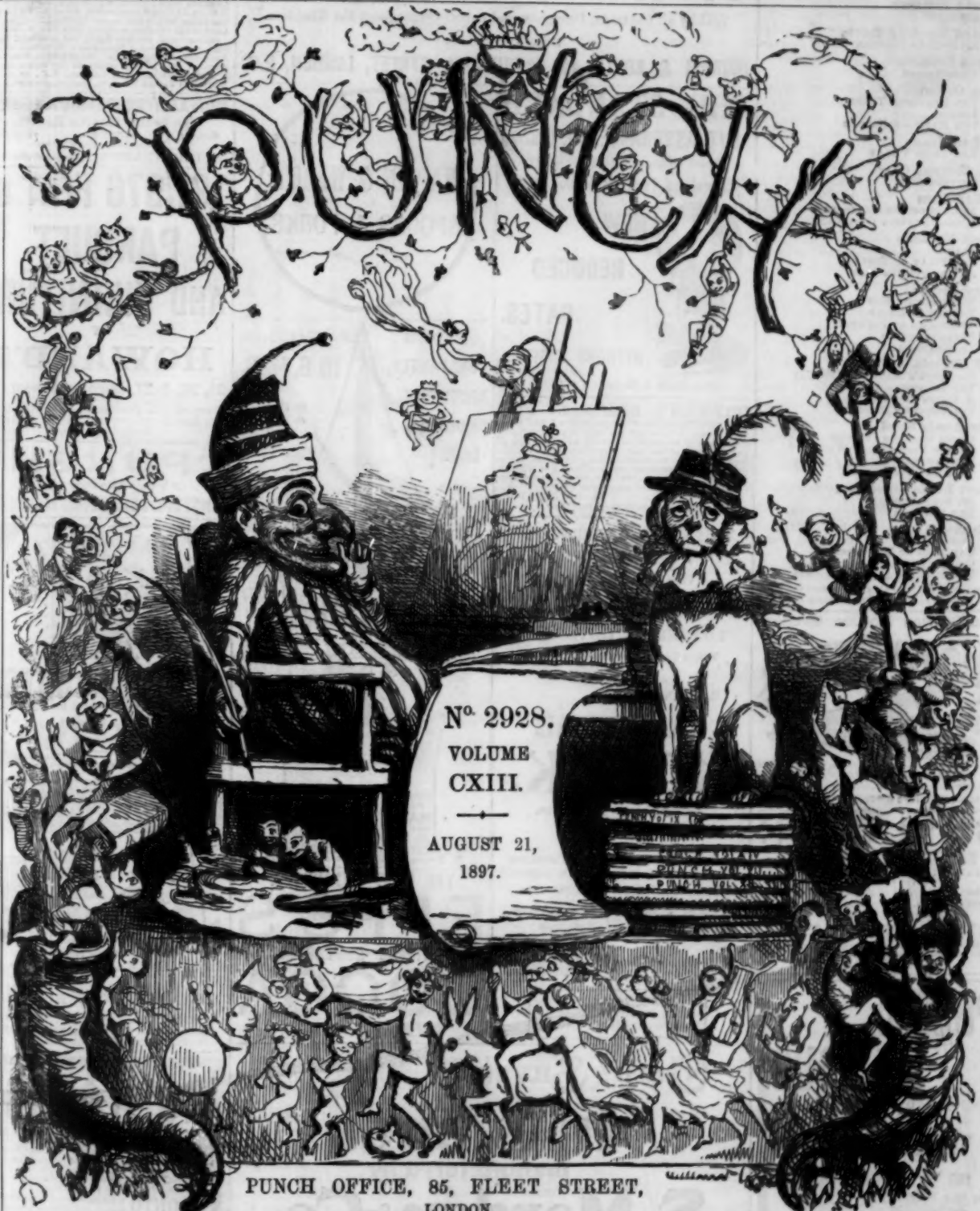
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HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, CANNES.

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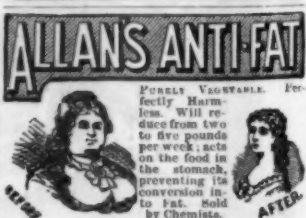
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THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

"THERE, MARIA, LOOK AT THEM BOYS! NOW I CALL THAT DOWNRIGHT CRUELTY!"

SOMEBODY'S DIARY.

[As Mr. Punch's Principal Official Translator is away for his holiday, the following important communication from St. Petersburg has been translated by a young German subordinate in a rather unsatisfactory manner.]

Saturday.—We come to-day after a happy Voyage to the beautiful Peterhofish Palace at. During the Voyage have I some russian Words learnt. It rejoices me that we before the Voyage of FAURE come are. What Voyages concerns am I without Doubt absolute the First, "*facile princeps*." So must no to the first Time out of France travelling President me rival. The Russians are very friendly. Now have I again a Title, and again a Uniform. Admiral à la suite. FAURE cannot Admiral to become. Ha, ha! Peterhof is wonderfine. All is wonderfine. After the Dinner speak I very friendly and say the russian

Words which I learnt have. NICHOLAS speaks ever very coldblooded, but he is a good Fellow. So live he! High, high, high!

Sunday.—To-day to Petersburg. Absolute no Arch! And man says they will when FAURE comes five or six beautifullest Triumpharches erect! That rejoices me not. Only few Flags, and their stupid Bread and Salt! Even those will they to FAURE on a much elegant Presenterplate offer. Towards Krasnoe Selo journey we therefore very willing forth. Again Soldiers. Ah so! That is much pleasanter. I love ever the Soldier, much more than the Burgessman. Stupidhead! FAURE is Burgessman. And also with the Soldiers have I ever a new Uniform. Ah, the beautiful Uniforms! FAURE has no Uniform. Poor Man! Mornings, Afternoons, Evenings, wears he ever a black Coat. After the Review play they my "*Song to Ægir*." The Russians have a very fine Taste. In

Music are they very learned, and play ever the beautifullest Masterpieces. If I only to-day sooner arrived were had I to them one of my Sermons to read to be able. FAURE is no Musician, no Preacher. Never has he a Song composed. To Bed much happier.

Monday.—A great Review. Ah, the fine Cavalry- Artillery- Infantry- and Sea-Uniforms which I worn have! After the Middayeating return we to Peterhof back. After the Dinner go we in the Theatre in the free Air. Ah, if I only to Paris to go could, so would I in the Jardin des Ambassadeurs a happy Evening pass. FAURE can every Evening in the Summer therein go! Yes well! Happy Man!

Tuesday.—To-day has man to me said that FAURE the new Nevabridge inaugurate will. Thunderweather! Why not I, as I here am? It is shameful. She will not the Williambridge be, but probably the Felixbridge. Felix—happy! That am I not! To-morrow happilywise depart we. To-day remain I to House and see nobody.

Wednesday.—I go. Live you well, ungrateful People. Now can you the Decorationpreparations for FAURE begin. Live you well! I go to Germany back. Live Germany! Live I! High, high, high!

OBJECTIONS TO PLACES.

(By a Stay-at-Home Cynic.)

Antwerp.—Too many pictures.

Boulogne.—Too many English.

Calais.—Barred by the Channel passage.

Dieppe.—Journey there literally a "toss-up."

Emm.—In the sere and yellow leaf.

Florence.—Paintings anticipated by photography.

Geneva.—Can get watches nowadays elsewhere.

Heidelberg.—Castle too "personally conducted."

Interlaken.—Jungfrau monotonous.

Jerusalem.—Looks better on paper.

Kissingen.—Fallen off since SHERIDAN's days.

Lucerne.—Lion in stone too irritating.

Madrid.—Bull-fights can be supplied by biceraph.

Naples.—No longer an ante mortem necessity.

Paris.—Used up.

Quebec.—After the Jubilee, too Colonial.

Rouen.—Preliminary journey impossible.

Saumur.—Not to be tempted by the vintage.

Turin.—Out of date more than a quarter of a century.

Utrecht.—Nothing, with or without its velvet.

Wiesbaden.—For ages superseded by Monte Carlo.

Xeres.—Can get sherry without going there.

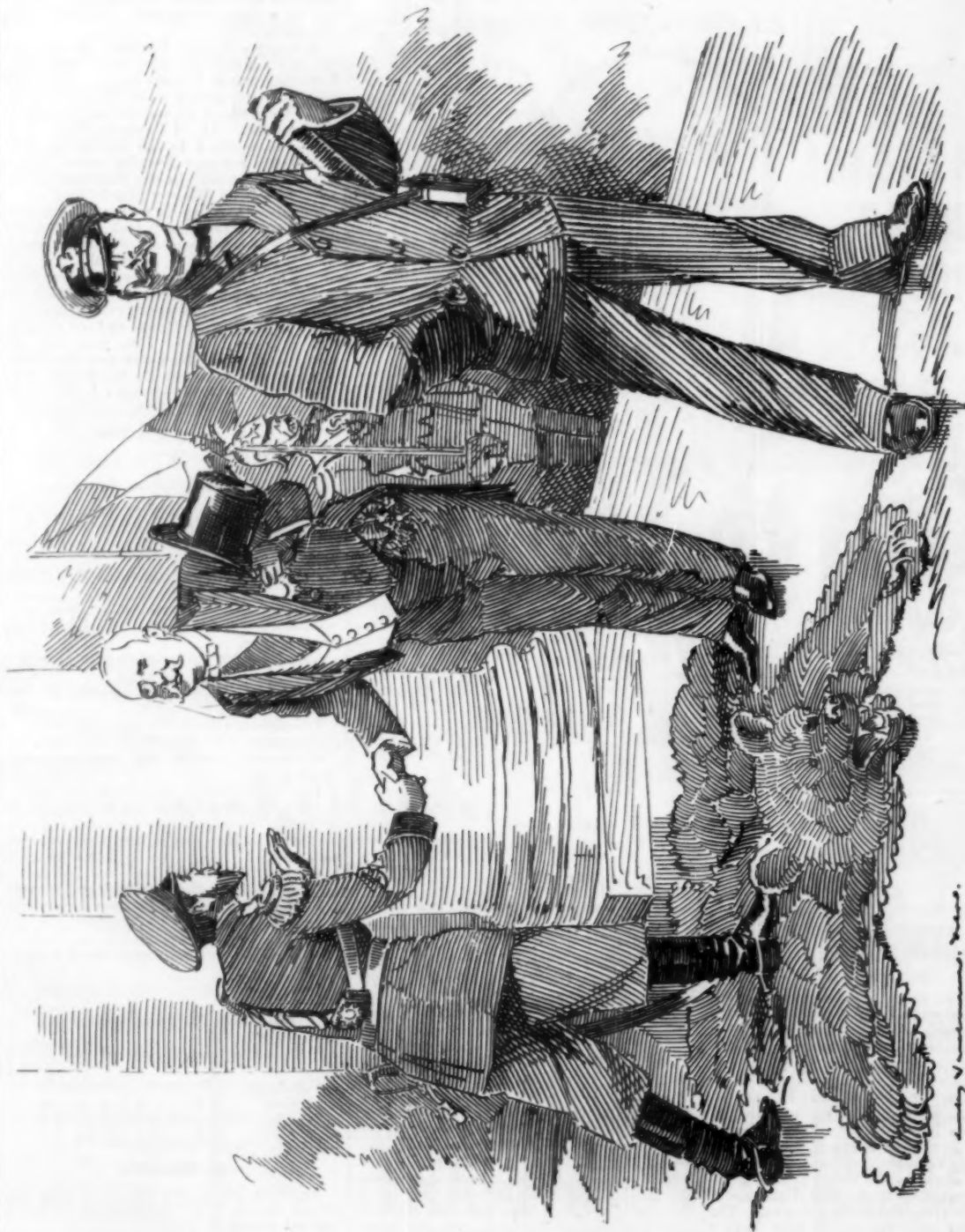
Yokohama.—Products purchasable at the stores.

Zurich.—"Fair waters" disappointing.

At Margate.

Angelina (very poetical, surveying the rolling ocean). "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Edwin (very practical). No drink! Now, hang it all, ANGY, if I've asked you once I've asked you three times within the last five minutes to come and do a split soda and whiskey! And I can do with it!



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

German Emperor (seeing the Franco-Russian Meeting in his "mind's eye"), "HA, HA! THEY MAY EMBRACE AS THEY LIKE; BUT I WAS THERE FIRST!"

["President FAURE leaves France for Russia on the 18th inst."—Daily Paper.]

by V. Thorne.



He. "YOU'RE FOND OF CRICKET, THEN?"

She. "OH, I'M PASSIONATELY DEVOTED TO IT!"

He. "WHAT PART OF A MATCH DO YOU ENJOY THE MOST?"

She. "OH, THIS PART—THE PROMENADE!"

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

(Fragment from a Military Romance that may prove more real than Moonshine.)

THE council of officers eagerly awaited the arrival of the messenger from Pall Mall. They were prepared to accept any suggestion from Head-quarters. The new attack had been threshed out thoroughly—pros and cons had been carefully discussed—and only the last word had to be uttered. What would it be? That was the question that required an immediate answer.

"I know they are very busy," said the General. "Now that Europe is arming in all directions it will not do for England to be behindhand."

"Yes, Sir," acquiesced a Colonel. "And every suggestion is valuable. No doubt you noticed that there was a proposal to attempt the landing of a hostile force on our sacred shore? A correspondent to one of our leading papers some time ago proposed that some five thousand soldiers should be embarked on board a small fleet and—"

"Be furnished with sealed orders to be opened when the flotilla was far from land," continued his second in command. "Then the enemy composed of friends was to make a descent upon us, and we were to do what was best to repulse the mimic invasion."

"Yes," returned the General, thoughtfully. "But I question whether the scheme would work. I have had some experience of the vagaries of the Channel, and if there were bad weather none of the fated five thousand would be worth the weight of their rifles on disembarkation."

"You think that a rough sea would render them practically valueless?" queried a Surgeon Field-Marshal or a medical officer of some equally exalted rank. "Well, certainly the *mal de mer* is a sad creator of inertia."

"But what would apply to us would in the same manner weaken a real and foreign enemy," hinted an official connected with the commissariat. "But there would be the compensating advantage that the scourge would save suppers. It is difficult to enjoy a meal in a choppy sea. At least, that is the experience of nine out of every ten landamen. Still, with the sea omitted, Lord ROBERTS has recently tested something like the idea in Ireland."

And so the talk went on. But as the warriors spoke their eyes were fixed on the distant horizon. The wait for the wanted despatch continued with ever-increasing impatience. After some time a speck was seen in the distance. There was a shout of joy.

"He will be with us directly," announced the General, who had been watching the movements of the newcomer through a telescope. "Ah, he is here!"

The exclamation was caused by the bearer of despatches riding, travel-stained and dead beat, into the midst of the group of expectant officers.

"From Pall Mall, Sir," cried the messenger, jumping from his jaded steed and presenting a packet to the General commanding.

There was a hush of expectation, and then the old warrior, with a trembling voice, declared that the message had taken him by surprise. It was not what he expected, not what they all wanted.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel. "What have we got in this critical moment of the British Army?"

Then came the reply, which explained everything.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "I have the honour to inform you that an order has come from the War Office!"

"Altering some important detail of strategy?" cried a seasoned warrior. "No doubt the outcome of the present manoeuvres, eh, General, eh?"

"No," was the calm reply. "We have nothing about strategy—we have instead something about putting more lace upon our uniforms!"

THE PATRIOT PATIENT'S RESOLVE.

(Nor Made in Germany.)

LIVER and limbs seem all awry;
Something sulphureous or ironic
In Autumn I am bound to try.

My tonic, though, shan't be Teutonic.

I used to go to German spas,

And drink, and tub in, German waters,

But since that WILHELM's wild hee-haws,

I've changed my water-curing quarters.

Harrogate suits my patriot moods;

For I've resolved, my British lads,

No more to purchase "German goods,"

Nor go to German "Bads"!

LITERARY NOTE.—Mr. HALL CAINE's recent novel is said in the London hospitals to be the most exciting nurse-awry tale of the century.



LONDON OUT OF SEASON.

MR. PRIMEY'S CARETAKER GIVES A GARDEN PARTY; MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS IN THE CONSERVATORY.

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART II.

SCENE—The Drawing-room at "Sunny Bank." NORA VIVIAN seated alone. KEZIA announces Mr. GERALD ALABASTER. He is a good-looking youth of about twenty-four, with a pleasant, boyish face, and a certain air of ingenuous self-sufficiency.

Nora (as she shakes hands). How do you do, GERALD? Aunt CAMILLA will be in directly. So you've managed to tear yourself away from the Treasury in time for lunch?

Gerald. Yes. They don't keep our noses quite so close to the grindstone on Saturdays, you know.

Nora. I don't believe your profiles are ever in much danger. You generally get away at four, don't you? And you haven't any work to do in the evenings.

Gerald. As it happens, I do work in the evenings, occasionally.

Nora. I suppose you roll the lawn or water the flower-beds?

Gerald. No, there's nothing of the old Adam about me. I do literary work—of sorts.

Nora. GERALD, don't tell me you've gone in for writing novels!

Gerald. I've gone in for reading them—worse luck!

Nora. And you call that work? I should call it amusement.

Gerald. Oh, is it, though? Not when they're in manuscript. It's like this, NORA. I've accepted the post of reader to BOWATER—the publisher, you know.

Nora. Of course I know Mr. BOWATER. But I thought he made a point of reading everything for himself.

Gerald. Till lately. But he gets such quantities of stuff sent him that he can't wade through it all. And I've met him here once or twice, and at one or two other places, and we rather chummed; found we agreed on literary subjects, and so on, and the other day he asked me if I would care to read a manuscript for him now and then and let him know my opinion of it. So of course I jumped at the chance. There's no knowing what it may lead to.

Nora. I never thought of you as a great authority on Literature, somehow.

Gerald. Oh, I got through a lot of novels at Oxford. And I didn't do so badly in my schools. I fancy I've rather a feeling for style, and all that. I shouldn't recommend BOWATER to publish anything that didn't strike me as really first-rate.

Nora. And have you come across anything yet that did strike you as first-rate?

Gerald. Well, up to the present I've only had one, and there couldn't be two opinions about that.

Nora (to herself). If it should be CAMILLA's! (Aloud.) You mean about its cleverness?

Gerald. No, I mean about its being unmitigated bosh.

Nora (to herself). It isn't CAMILLA's. (Aloud.) So bad as all that?

Gerald. Utter rubbish. I saw that before I'd come to the end of the first chapter.

Nora. And so you didn't trouble yourself to read any further?

Gerald. I beg your pardon. There was a weird fascination about its foolishness that held me. I read every—well, almost every page of the confounded thing. I could pass an exam. in it. Kind of stuff one would like to forget, but can't. When BOWATER reads my report, I don't think he'll feel much hesitation about returning *Stolen Sweets*.

Nora. *Stolen Sweets*? GERALD, it wasn't called that!

Gerald. Ridiculous title, isn't it? But better than the book. I haven't written much about it, but I fancy I've said enough to save BOWATER the trouble of reading it himself.

Nora (to herself). It can't be the same! (Aloud.) Do—do you remember the author's name? Was it a man?

Gerald. It was certainly written by a woman—but so far as I remember it was anonymous. At least, there was a letter sent with it, saying that the author preferred to blush unseen as M. N. at some post office—Fitcham, I think it was.

Nora. GERALD, if you only knew!

Gerald. If I only knew what?

Nora (to herself). I must stop this if I can! (Aloud.) No—

thing—at least, you mustn't ask me. But suppose—I only say suppose—you discovered this novel had been written by—by somebody you knew—would not that make a difference in your opinion?

Gerald. A considerable difference in my opinion of its author.

Nora (*desperately*). Suppose I was the author?

Gerald. It won't do, NORA. I know you haven't a very high opinion of my intellect, but I'm not taken in quite so easily as all that. You never wrote *Stolen Sweets*—it's simply impossible.

Nora. Well, then, I didn't; but—but a very great friend of mine did.

Gerald. I can't congratulate her—or you.

Nora. I didn't ask you to. But couldn't you tone down that report, or—or something?

Gerald. It's too late. I sent it in the day before yesterday. BOWATER ought to have got it by now.

Nora. Well, you could tell him quietly that you had entirely changed your mind about the novel.

Gerald. But I haven't.

Nora. What does that matter? Couldn't you say so—to please me?

Gerald. There isn't much I wouldn't do to please you, NORA—but don't you see, I'm in a position of trust, so to speak. I can't recommend BOWATER to publish a novel that's absolute drivel, not even to oblige a friend of yours. BOWATER has a great reputation for bringing out only the higher sort of fiction. It wouldn't be fair to him. I must consider his interests, you know.

Nora. He ought to be very much obliged to you. But tell me this, GERALD, would you say that my Aunt's writing was "absolute drivel," to use your elegant expression?

Gerald. Of course not, though I'm bound to say I've never read a line of her.

Nora. Oh, yes, you have—though you may not be aware of it. And possibly you're not aware either that Mr. BOWATER is very anxious to secure a novel by my Aunt, that he is an immense admirer of hers, and—unless I'm very much mistaken—intends to ask her to marry him on the very first opportunity?

Gerald. I can't for the life of me understand what that has to do with it.

Nora. No, you wouldn't. But all I can say is that, if Mr. BOWATER declines *Stolen Sweets* unread, on your advice, he will never forgive you. And no more will I!

Gerald. What? NORA! do you mean that it's Miss LYDE's?

Nora. I haven't told you. You've guessed. Now do you see what mischief you may have done? He may have rejected it already. My Aunt has gone over to the post office at Fitcham to inquire if there is a letter for M. N. And Mr. BOWATER is coming over to lunch. I ask you what chance the poor dear man will have of touching her heart if she once knows he has declined her novel?

Gerald. And of course he has no idea of it. It's a mess, NORA. There's no denying it's a mess. But I don't see any way out of it.

Nora. It mayn't be too late. You can give him a hint—put him on his guard.

Gerald. I'd rather you did, NORA.

Nora. How can I betray my poor Aunt's confidence? It would be most dishonourable. But there's no harm in your letting him know what you've discovered by the merest accident. . . . Ah, somebody has just come in! If it is Aunt, we shall know by her face whether she has heard or not.

Kezia (*opening the door*). Mr. BOWATER.

AN AWKWARD MISS.

(*The Result of not Remembering.*)

I MISSED the train. Right gallantly I fought
To get it, but alas! all quite in vain.
I failed outright, and when I should have caught,
I missed the train.

I wondered if, perchance, 'twould be a gain
To take a wholly different line. This brought
No sort of comfort. Yet to make it plain,
I feel the time has now come when I ought
To state quite clearly that what caused me pain
Was no mismanaged journey. 'Twas of thought
I missed the train.

On the Moors.

First Guest (*at lunch, to second guest, who would talk during the drive*). I wish you'd remember that we don't come out to shoot parrots?

Host (*who has suffered bitterly*). Oh, I wish to goodness we had!

THE SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER.

I do not mean the Kodak-fiend,
Who takes snap-shots of ladies dipping,
And gloats o'er sundry views he's gleaned
Of amatory couples "tripping."

No, not these playful amateurs
I sing of, but the serious artist,
Who spreads upon the beach his lures,
What time the season's at its smartest.

His tongue is glib, his terms are cheap,
For ninepence while you wait he'll take you;
Posterity shall, marv'ling, keep
The "tin-type" masterpiece he'll make you.



What though his camera be antique,
His dark-room just a nose-bag humble,
What if his tripod legs are weak,
And threaten constantly to tumble.

No swain nor maiden can withstand
His invitation arch, insidious,
To pose *al fresco* on the strand—
His clientèle are not fastidious.

"You are so lovely," says the wretch,
"Your picture will be quite entrancing!"
And to the lady in the sketch
I overheard him thus romancing.

A PROGRESSIVE QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—In George Street, Richmond, this week, I had a singular proof of the superiority nowadays of the Opposition Sex. There passed along that tortuous thoroughfare, on a bicycle, a fair-haired damsel attired in a man's cap, a man's shirt, and a man's pair of knickerbockers *plus* stockings and shoes. The lady also adopted the jockey style of riding. The public and the police looked on admiringly. Now, had I put on a woman's bonnet, a woman's bodice, and a woman's skirt under similar circumstances I should have been stopped, arrested, and fined. The wheel-rights of women are evidently progressing.

Yours obediently, IXION ROWLEY.

Tyre House, Sidon Square, S.W.

Tip for Teetotalers.

(*Pleasant Paradox by a Close Observer.*)

THERE'S not a toper whom you meet at any public bar in town,
Who when he says "liquor up" does not mean "Let's put liquor down!"

Whereby 'tis seen, by every sober thinker,
The best teetotaler is the constant drinker.

FROM OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT.—After his visit to St. Petersburg it is believed that the Kaiser will be known as the German Kisser. The amount of cheek displayed was, on the face of it, a fine exhibition of Imperial lip-salve. It was curious, however, that NICHOLAS, after parting with his guest, was heard to mutter, *sotto voce*, "Thank goodness, there goes the Bore-Russian!" while the versatile quick-change monarch from the Spree whispered to his Ambassador, Prince RADOLIN, "Beware of Bear's Greece." These expressions of mutual regard have been much appreciated at Yildiz Kiosk.



English Tourist (in the far North, miles from anywhere). "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY LIVE HERE ALL THE WINTER! WHY, WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN ANY OF YOU ARE ILL! YOU CAN NEVER GET A DOCTOR!"
Scotch Shepherd. "NAE, SIR. WE'VE JUST TO DEE A NATURAL DEATH!"

"CÉAD MÍLE Fáilte!"

(To an old Irish air of 'Forty-eight, adapted to the changed circumstances of 'Ninety-seven.)

Hibernia sings:—

Ho! heart speaks to heart, and we're neighbours!

Ye're free of my hearth and my home!
 Sure, let love be the end of our labours;
 God bless ye and prosper ye—come!

Come—out of the guard of your soldiers;
 Come—in 'mongst the children and all;
 And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland,
 Till CONNAIL himself gets a fall.

Away with the hatred of ages!

Come in—everything is your own;
 Sure, I'll bow to ye, friends of old Ireland,
 As I wouldn't for king on his throne.

God bless ye! Ye stand in no dangers
 In the midst of the Island of Green.
 Come and dwell with us, not as mere strangers,

But guests. Who cries, "God save the QUEEN?"

Well, well, bygone woes have been bitter,
 And loyalty has been made hard.
 But love's inspiration is fitter
 Than hatred's for patriot or bard.

Come, make your home with us, and trust us

(A thing ye have never yet done);
 Let injustice no longer disgust us,
 And loyalty, good cheer, and fun,—

Things native to Ireland—will waken,
 And anger die out of our breast.

As soon as his hand we have taken,
 A man, though once foe, is our guest.

Come in, with a "Céad míle fáilte";

Sit down, share our sorrows and joys;
 To know that with love they may crown ye

Will gladden the hearts of the boys.

Arrah! shake hands again! Right good fellows

Ye'll find those same boys, though they're poor.

Not a man in the land would betray you,
 Or shut up his heart or his door!

* "A hundred thousand welcomes!"

IN THE HOT WEATHER, too!—Our Irrepressible One (where are the authorities?) writes, "Hampshire made a Surrey exhibition of themselves at the Oval!"

TO BE TAKEN LITERALLY AT KLONDYKE.—
 Auri sacra fames.

THE STIFLED STOCKBROKER.

(A Song of Summer.)

In winter I wear, with dignified air,
 A dignified high silk hat,
 With clothes well made of a sombre shade;
 Professional custom, that.

When winter has gone I at times put on
 A bowler and suit of grey,
 For people complain it's hot in the train;
 It frequently is in May.

But now, if you please, with ninety degrees
 In the shade, to toppers ta, ta!
 For fashion I care not a fig, I wear
 Pyjamas and Panama.

On the Mound at Waterloo.

Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks, U.S.A. (pointing to Lion). Is this 'ere animal the Britisher?

Guide. No, Sar, it is ze Belgic Lion.
 Mr. Ephraim B. Chunks (drily). Indeed. Reckon he borrowed the other one's skin when he set himself up on this potato heap!

[But the guide is not a student of Æsop.]



“CÉAD MÍLE FÁILTE!”

MISS ERIN. “IT’S WELCOME YE ARE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES! ARRAH, NOW! YE ’LL
BE TAKIN’ A HOUSE OF YER OWN HERE SOON!!”





AUGUST IN SCOTLAND.

Bag Carrier (to Keeper). "WHAT DOES THE MAISTER AYE ASK THAT BODY TAE SHOOT WI' HIM FOR? HE CANNA HIT A THING!"
Keeper. "DOD, MAN, I DAUR SAY HE WISHES THEY WAS A' LIKE HIM. THE SAME BIRDS DOES HIM A' THROUGH THE SEASON!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE only fault my Baronite finds with *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* (SMITH, ELDER) is the quite unnecessary introduction of the foreign compound word in the title. It is odious enough in its own country. Dragged into a Surrey garden it supplies a jarring note to the restful hum as of innumerable bees. Mrs. EARLE has been led astray in this small matter by anxiety to be precise. Strolling through her Surrey garden with keen eye for faded leaves, weeds, and slugs, she pleasantly talks of a multitude of things. Forced bulbs, rhubarb tarta, sowing annuals, making coffee, winter-gardening, colour-blindness, packing cut flowers, the stewing of chickens and game, early rising, and orange-marmalade are only a few topics of her pleasant chat. She is content to talk without making effort to write, a method which, consciously or unconsciously adopted, often leads to good literature. The Surrey garden is comparatively small in area. It cannot take us all in to enjoy companionship of its charming custodian. Happily, here is the book, through which ripples the low voice of a gracious-mannered gentlewoman, who knows most things about house and garden, and modestly shares with the stranger at her gate the garnered fruit of long experience.

The comedy in *Good Mrs. Hypocrite* (HUTCHINSON) is so excellent that my Baronite thinks RITA would have done well to have foregone the luxury of the tragedy abruptly introduced in the penultimate chapter. But the earlier and much longer part through which the servant-maid Tibbie elbows her way with angular force is so good that what looks like a wanton fault of construction may be forgiven. Tibbie is quite delightful—when studied in another and distant household. In one's own home she might pall upon the taste.

Punch's advice to Persons About to Marry was, more than a generation ago, enshrined in the proverbial philosophy of the English-speaking race. My Baronite's advice to persons in that parlous condition is to read *The Larramys* (HUTCHINSON). Most of the characters in Mr. GEORGE FORD's powerful novel run, or are driven, in couples. Invariably they have a bad time. Worst of all is the fate of the heroine, a handsome, well-born, high-natured woman, who marries a farmer. Early in their married life William Larramy informs Essie that "a man must

keep his wife in order, and if he can't do it any other way, he must thrash her, that's all." It is specially mentioned that William thus "answered lightly." It was only his fun. But the nature from whose depths such humour bubbles is obviously not of fine texture. How the high-born dame struggled with the boor is told with a force and skill which, if this be a first essay, promises uncommonly well. The study of pig-headed *père Larramy* is one of the abundant good things in the book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE BOW OF THE ANTI-LOGROLLER.

Is there "a winter of our discontent"?

I know not, nor in truth would care to know,

Because my strength is not as yet o'erspent,

So long as I can bend, not break, my stalwart bow!

My shaft is long, and feathered to the end

With choicest feathers of the grey goose quill.

It never pierced the heart of any friend,

It never failed to do a foeman ill!

Good honest bow! 'tis yet the summer-time.

Long, supple, Englishborn, and that means true.

Deft to obey my will as in your early prime,

A heart of real oak beneath your bark of yew.

Up to the shoulder let me test your might,

Taught by your nature, profligate of pain,

I only fight for might, and right, and light,

And revel in the stubbornness of strain!

Good humble bow! the one poor dauntless thing

That criticism at its worst cannot disarm.

You were not built for bitter bite or sting,

Only to save and shield from littleness of harm;

Only to keep the vultures from the bones,

Only to ward the jackals from the prey,

Only to thwart the slingers of the stones

Picked from the mud To-day as Yesterday!

"CALLED BACK."—The Austrian Envoy, CALL, "retired" from Sofia.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
Brown. "FISHING." Lunatic. "CAUGHT ANYTHING?" Brown. "No."
Lunatic. "HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?" Brown. "SIX HOURS."
Lunatic. "COME INSIDE!"

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Swanage.—This is a spot remarkable for possessing but little foliage and an enormous Model of the Earth. To compensate for the absence of trees, lettuces are singularly prolific in the Isle of Purbeck, and the model in question affords a ready means of conveying instruction at no expense to the visiting child. Corfe Castle, Studland Bay, and "Old Harry" (minus his defunct wife), are as attractive as the lobsters for which the pretty Dorsetshire watering place is so renowned. In some towns, they swear by unmentionable

people. At Swanage, they all swear by BURT.

Margate.—As usual, this Koh-i-Noor of Kent is sparkling with splendour. A famous high-low comedian, renowned for his spontaneous and side-splitting "wheezes," remarked yesterday that the only black thing, bar the "Niggers," about the place is the jetty. His quip was naturally greeted with hurricanes of laughter and copious doses of restorative Scottish whiskey. The Aristocrats of Cliftonville, as well as the humbler but possibly more jovial denizens of Margate proper and improper, have no reason to complain of that genial doctor (not of Irish extraction) known as The O'Zone.

His recipes sniff of the briny. Miss BALINDA PLANTAGENET, the well-known serio-comique, Madame WRIGGLINI, the famous contortionist, Baron BUFFARD, the renowned baritone, and Chevalier MACCAMONI, the decorated tenor, are among our most noted patrons. The Flagstaff is in superb condition, as also are the "Aunt Sallies."

Minehead.—Where can we find a Plume of Feathers? Only at Minehead, where a personage not unknown in the precincts of Whitefriars supplies golf and hunters, with many other luxuries. We only suggest a rhyme to "whistle" and "thistle" to suggest a solution of the conundrum. Whence the name of this favoured spot? A correspondent writes that an English monarch (was it HENRY THE FOURTH?), while hanging brigands and other caitiffs in the vicinity, exclaimed after a hard day's work, "Mine head doth ache. Don't stir," and forthwith bestowed the fiefs, &c., on the LUTTRELL of the day for his singular sympathy with the King's malady. Hence Minehead and Dunster Castle. We only repeat this legend as a local *on dit*, as the French have it. The great charm of Minehead is that the stranger never knows whether he be in Somerset or Devon. The inhabitants on both sides of the border drink cider and speak—what shall we call it?—Lorna Doomish?

Penzance.—There are no pirates here now. They were killed by Mr. W. S. GILBERT and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and have most of them become churchwardens and sidesmen. Those who have not been converted have apparently developed into hotel and lodging house keepers, and no longer present pistols, but bills. They are an amiable race, and are very proud of St. Michael's Mount and Mount's Bay. Niagara, the Pyramids, the ruins of Baalbec, and the remains of Nineveh, are not in it with St. Michael's and the Mounts. They are unique. Only herrings or mackerel could be more belauded. A London man came down last Wednesday fortnight, and talked about St. Paul's Cathedral. "Heaven help thee," cried a staunch man of the Grand Old Duchy, "Go to Truro!" And he was justified, inasmuch as the cucumber season is now in full blast.

Ryde.—Now and again you come across a Person who objects to the long voyage down the Pier at Ryde. He (but it is generally She) must be curiously constituted. On landing from the Portsmouth boat is there not a "Rest and be thankful" kiosk right before the traveller's eyeballs, with copious seagulls flitting hither and thither as plentiful as grouse on a well-furnished Scottish moor? What more enchanting scene could be expected? He or She may complain of the tolls, but does not the house of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club compensate for the disbursement of a few paltry coppers, or rather, bronzes? Ryde, moreover, has one great advantage over many watering places. It is always possible to go *anywhere* from Ryde. The entertainment at the Pier Head may not unjustly be compared to the harmonious luxury of the Royal Italian Opera, and at the neighbouring village of Sea View shoes and stockings are apparently unknown. Prawns in Ryde are apparently often confounded with our glorious and gorgeous pink shrimps.

Ramsgate.—Mr. FRITH, R.A., once immortalized Ramsgate, that is to say, if any immortalization were possible. You can take Ramsgate in two ways. First, as

a rollicking, frolicking, jump-about, sand-hopping, and thoroughly earthly playground; and again, when you have climbed the cliffs and looked down on the harbour, as quite another kind of refuge from the din of London, or Manchester, or Birmingham. It isn't exactly heaven on a hot day on those same cliffs, but Mr. CLARK RUSSELL's pen would be needed to tell in appropriate, not to say nautical, language the aspect of the English Channel under such circumstances. On the east side, the inhabitants, being proud, call their combination of chimney-pots St. Lawrence-on-Sea. Nobody minds the assumption, because they have a capital hotel with most wondrous bathing accommodation. Indeed, it is on record that Prince HAVEMOFFSKY recently arrived, and on inquiring whether he could have an Iceberg Bath, was met with the response, "Certainly, Sir: would you prefer Canadian or Siberian snow?" The samphire at Pegwell Bay is a grand crop.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Visitor at a Swiss Hotel, madly enamoured of a fair Widow, and invariably separated from her at the table d'hôte, addresses an appeal to her on the back of the Menu.

I do not like the table d'hôte,
With strident noise and rampant crowd,
With clattering plates' discordant note,
That louder gets and yet more loud.
I do not like the napkinned looms
Who thrust strange dishes 'neath one's
nose:

I hate the rattle of the spoons,
And long for simple fare's repose!

But martyr-like I must attend
This Walpurgis of flesh and fowl,
That never seems to have an end.
While iaws are working cheek by jowl,
Amid a Babel buzz of voice
That would confound a Polyglot.
And yet I join this throng from choice,
For you'd be here if I were not!

You like to hear the touring cad
Discant upon his cycling feats,
Or list to tales of Kur and Bad
The curate vander oft repeats.
With smiles you lend a ready ear
To fable lured in Yankee twang,
You have a liking, it is clear,
For scandal told in Pall Mall slang!

You are not bored by stale, drear news
Such as that German loves to bring;
The tragic Frenchman's comic muse
In sympathy to you can sing.
You're friendly, too, with all your sex,
The long-time spinsters, new-made wives,
For youth and age you've nods and becks,
Amid the din of forks and knives!

My appetite is dead and fled
(Oh, Kellner! stay your constant hand),
And I would hie me off to bed
But for that beastly Teuton band!
Here is the reason—miles away—
At least, so it now seems to me—
My chair is placed from day to day
From where I know it ought to be!

You'll guess, of course, my meaning now,
And why I hate the table d'hôte.
You'll know why I must knit my brow,
A starving Selkirk, quite remote!
I ask, in pity ease my pain!
And fill once more my empty plate.
Do, darling, say "I will" again,
And dine with me then, tête-à-tête!

READY-MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



PRINCE KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINGHI, DUKE OF SUSSEX.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, sable a star of India radiant in splendour; 2nd, on a field vert several long hops volleyed and despatched proper to the boundary; 3rd, on a ground semée with centuries under an heraldic pavilion a champion of renown regardant in envy bearded to the full and inclined to embonpoint; 4th, two canards conjoined or double duck proper collared with an eastern coronet wanting employment. *Crest:* An Indian panther of agility capped and dashed assure glancing furtively to leg sinister. *Supporters:* Two umpires smocked and habited for distinction proper. *Second Motto:* "Ad Janga runem ibit rangit singe."

THE OLD BAT.

(To the Tune of Tennyson's "Brook.")

The Champion soliloquist:—

I've faced them all, from SHAW to HEARNE,
From SOUTHERTON to CUTTELL;
SPOFFORTH at me had many a turn—
A trundler keen and subtle!

EMMETT to me has hurled 'em down,
Kent WILLISHER, Yorkshire FREEMAN,
With STEEL of amateur renown,
"The Terror" and "The Demon."

But still I'm game for fast or slow,
Old hand or youngster clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I chatter over good old days,
Like LANG, or "The Old Buffer";
But to let dust pile on my bays
Is what I cannot suffer.

To stand out yet my heart would fret.
The grand old game I'll follow;
And on my day when I'm well set,
I lick the newcomers hollow.

The chatterers say, "Retire!" Oh! no.
Old ties I'm loth to sever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

Though I am stout, to get me out
Is not such easy sailing.
When I appear the lusty about
Shows that my fame's not failing.

My century still I'm game to make,
Though slower I may travel;
New tricks of pitch, and pace, and break,
"The Old 'un" will not gravel.

I take 'em all on, fast or slow,
"Express" or "ticer" clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!

I steal short runs by little plots,
I "slide" 'twixt point and cover;
I tie their bowling up in knots,
And score from every over.

I drive, I cut, I snick, I glance,
Turf-skimming like a swallow;
I lead the field a pretty dance
My changeful hits to follow.

McLAREN, "RANJI," grand young stars,
Your play the veteran pleases!
But still he loves—and pray what bars?—
To "lag" about the creases.

Superfluous? Thanks, boys, for that
"No!!!"
Some chatterers are too clever;
For Bats may come and Bats may go,
But I go on for ever!



"SHOP."

Hostess (to our Pet Author, who has just spent a happy couple of hours describing his latest and greatest work). "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MR. EGO-SMITH. COME AGAIN SOON. WE PROMISE NOT TO MENTION YOUR BOOKS. YOU MUST BE SO TIRED!"

CRICKETESE.

("English as she is spoke" by the Sportive Reporter.)

Oh, wonderful world of the Wielders of Willow!
As seen from the Press Box where poets foregather!
Our great-little Laureate, prone on his pillow,
His Pegasus—stabled—and all in a lather
With snurring rhetorical, hot, allegorical,
Really must envy the cricket recorder,
Who—minus the Malmsey—the stream metaphorical
Pumps—at a penny a line too—to order!
Sweet and sonorous, and sesquipedalian,
Style of all styles, Pateresque, periphrastic,
Is his who gives odds to the wordiest Australian,
To every Parnassian influence plastic:
He for the big polysyllables stipulates.
GRACE does not bat, no, he "steers to the boundary";
RICHARDSON bowls—nay, "the sphere he manipulates,"
Nothing that's lengthy and sounding is found awry.
BROCKWELL don't "block," he "negotiates straight ones";
ABEL won't "drive" at good balls, he "dispatches" them.
READ does not "cut," he "lams into the late ones,"
STODDART "accounts for the skyers," not catches them.
MCLAREN's first hit is not "breaking his duck" only,
No, 'tis "cementing the partnership" skilfully.
SHREWSBURY's slip is not pretty bad luck only,
It is "Dame Fortune entreating him wilfully."
GUNN does not add to the score, not a bit of it!
He's "instrumental in swelling totality."
SUGG, if he makes a sensational hit of it,
"Gives 'em a taste of his old Titan quality."
Pity rhetorical roundaboutation
Can't be confined to sensations spectacular!
Pity the dear, good old game of our nation
Can't be described in the good old vernacular!

THE BEST UPHOLDER OF THE UNION JACK.—The Union Jack-tar.

TREASURE TROVE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I know that you take an interest in all matters domestic, I am sure you would like to hear about our Little Household Treasure. She came to us with a very noble character, written by the wife of an eminent clergyman (and rural dean), and really this lady may be said to have dipped her pen into milk and honey, so beautifully were the virtues of our Little Treasure described. You must know, that being childless and living in a small cottage, my wife and I have no retainers with the exception of the Gardener-Boots-Knife-and-Window-Cleaner and the Little Treasure herself. The G.-B.-K.-and-W. man is one of the most unsavoury and besotted of mortals. He cannot write, and has a regard for strong liquor, which is probably congenital, since his parents, either singly or coupled, were constantly brought to the notice of the local magistrates for breaches of public-house discipline, and their son and heir has not failed to keep up the family reputation. On the other hand, the Little Treasure is of the Teetotal persuasion, and has been educated at a Board School with that disregard to cost so dear to the ratepayer up-to-date. She cannot, it is true, speak her own language with the accuracy of Dr. JOHNSON or Lord MACAULAY, but she possesses a smattering of French, I suppose, inasmuch as I have missed certain works in the Gallic tongue from my bookshelves—works, moreover, not without a suspicion of cayenne pepper in their construction. But this literary larceny I would readily forgive did the Little Treasure answer to her description. The wife of the eminent clergyman (and rural dean) describes this exceptional handmaid as the Model Girl of the district, in fact, but for the expense, there can be no doubt but that the Board School would have been abolished in order to prove that so rare a flower should have been cultivated in a more select nursery garden. Nevertheless, I have ventured to draw up the following Table of Comparison. The Little Treasure is, according to the spouse of the eminent divine (and rural dean), said to be

1. Thoroughly honest—to be trusted with thousands of pounds (of what not stated), and innocent of the value of precious metal and stones.

2. So clean in all her habits that the Bishop of the diocese once compared her to the Pool of Siloam.

3. So devoted to early rising that any lark matched against her would infallibly return to its uncomfortable resting-place, the "watery nest," defeated and disgraced.

4. Willing to do anything. Never so happy as when at work. Especially busy with her needle. Never breaks anything. Has a special knack of polishing silver ware. Always carries the plate-basket up to bed with her at night.

Such, Sir, is a *précis* of the difference between the opinion of the wife of the eminent cleric (and rural dean) and my own. The latter is not, perhaps, wholly favourable to the Little Treasure. You will probably say, "Why not give her warning?" I have done so at least twenty times, but she always comes back again, sometimes disguised as a blonde, sometimes as a brunette, sometimes red and sometimes black, but unfailingly with the same delightful testimonial to her virtues from the sacerdotal lady. Is it impossible to import into Great Britain, for household purposes, the patient and industrious, but alas! heathen Chinese? I verily believe that others beside myself would prefer the Celestial creatures to the Little Treasures produced by the unwholesome atmosphere of our educational green-houses.

Yours, longing for a motor-servant,

The Eaves, Swallowbury.

MARTIN MACSWIFT.

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